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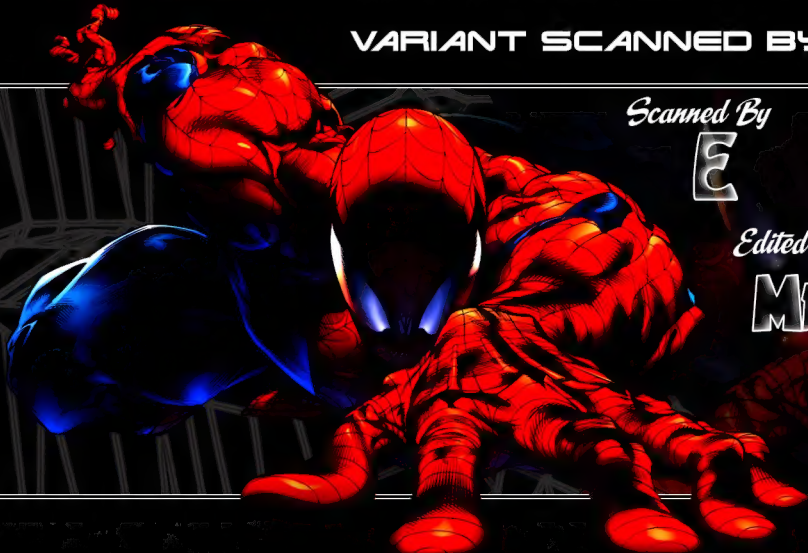
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**MEGANUBIS**

**MINUTEMEN  
SCANS**



DAVID • LUPACCHINO • ORTEGO • MILLA

# X-FACTOR



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*John  
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WHEN SUPERHUMANITY NEEDS A DETECTIVE AGENCY, THEY CALL UPON MADROX THE MULTIPLE MAN AND HIS MUTANT TEAM OF INVESTIGATORS...

# X-FACTOR



## PREVIOUSLY...

A SIMPLE TRIP TO MORNING MASS FOR RAHNE, WITH SHATTERSTAR TAGGING ALONG, WENT HORRIBLY AWRY WHEN SHE DISCOVERED A CHURCH FULL OF DEAD PEOPLE, SLAUGHTERED BY A DEMONIC CREATURE CALLED THE SIN-EATER. SHATTERSTAR AND RAHNE DISPOSED OF IT, BUT NOT BEFORE IT PREDICTED THAT MORE SUCH HELLSPAWN CREATURES WERE COMING, IN RESPONSE TO THE IMPENDING BIRTH OF RAHNE'S INFANT. THIS PROVED PROPHECIC AS RAHNE AND SHATTERSTAR FLED BACK TO HEADQUARTERS WITH AN ASSORTMENT OF MYTHICAL CREATURES HOT ON THEIR TAIL. MEANWHILE LAYLA, KNOWING THAT THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY, BEGAN PREPPING HQ FOR AN ASSAULT BY MYSTIC ENTITIES.

MEANWHILE, FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO READ SOMETHING BESIDES COMICS, PETER HAD A NEW SHORT STORY, "BRONSKY'S DATES WITH DEATH," SEE PRINT IN THE JULY/AUGUST EDITION OF "THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION." OH, AND DID "X-MEN: FIRST CLASS" ROCK OR WHAT?

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YOU  
GOTTA BE  
KIDDIN'.

I'M SORRY,  
MR. CAROSELLA,  
BUT IT'S HOSPITAL  
POLICY.

ANY PATIENT  
CHECKING OUT HAS  
TO GO IN A WHEELCHAIR.  
WE DON'T WANT TO BE  
LIABLE IF YOU FALL AND  
DAMAGE YOURSELF.

IF I FALL,  
IT'S THE HOSPITAL  
THAT'S GONNA GET  
DAMAGED.



GUIDO, I REALLY DON'T  
WANT TO SPEND THE REST  
OF MY LIFE HERE...

FINE.  
FINE.



BUT'CHA  
KNOW THIS  
AIN'T GONNA  
END WELL.



NOW  
JUST EASE  
YOURSELF  
INTO IT, MR.  
CARO---



KRUUNK

OOOOO...



UHM...

MAYBE A  
GURNEY WOULD BE  
AN ACCEPTABLE  
SUBSTITUTE...

YEAH, GOOD  
THINKIN'.

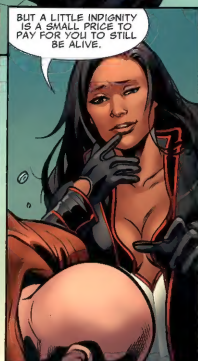


I'LL  
GET RIGHT  
ON THAT.



YA  
LAUGHIN'  
AT ME,  
MONET?

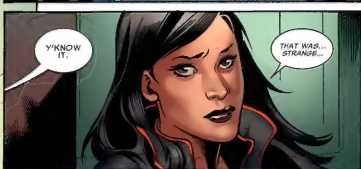
I'M  
REALLY  
NOT.  
NOW  
YOU'RE  
LYIN'.  
I  
REALLY  
AM.



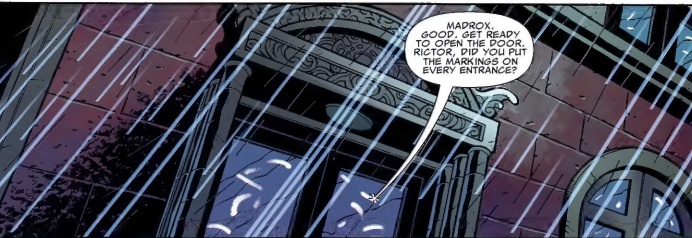
BUT A LITTLE INDIGNITY  
IS A SMALL PRICE TO  
PAY FOR YOU TO STILL  
BE ALIVE.



I SWEAR,  
WHEN THAT  
HARRIDAN SHOT  
YOU, I WAS  
AFRAID  
THAT...







MADROX.  
GOOD, GET READY  
TO OPEN THE DOOR.  
RICTOR, DID YOU PUT  
THE MARKINGS ON  
EVERY ENTRANCE?



YEAH,  
FELT LIKE A  
FOOL, BUT...

I HOPE THIS  
IS IMPORTANT. I  
WAS IN THE MIDDLE  
OF A VERY EROTIC  
DREAM.

T.M.I.,  
LONGSHOT, SO:  
YOU READY TO TELL  
US WHAT'S GOING  
ON, LAYLA?



RAHNE AND SHATTERSTAR  
ARE BEING CHASED BY TWO  
JAPANESE DEMONS, SOME  
MYTHICAL IRISH DOGS, AN  
EGYPTIAN LION GODDESS,  
AND THE GHOST OF  
FERAL...

...ALL OF  
WHOM WANT TO  
USE THE INFANT FOR  
THEIR OWN PURPOSES  
AFTER THEY DEVOUR  
THE MOTHER.

IS FERAL STILL  
HOT? OR A DEAD  
GIRL, I MEAN.

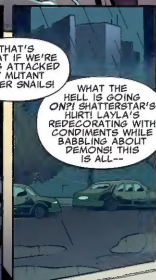


WHAT? I'M  
SURE WE'RE ALL  
THINKING THAT.

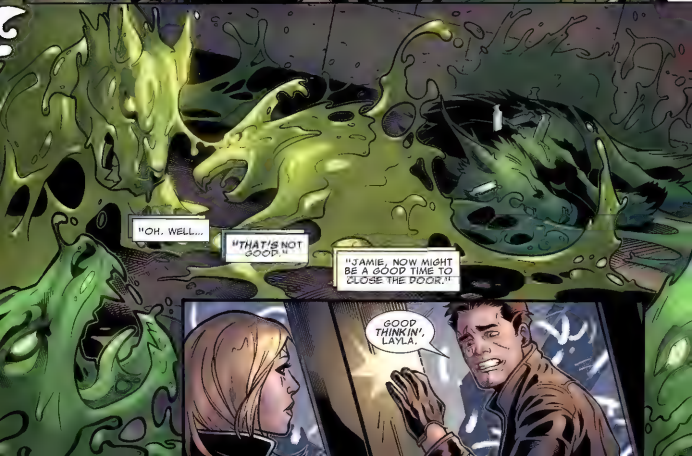
NO, WE  
REALLY  
WEREN'T.

SO YOU  
SAY.



















SO DO  
WE GO OUT  
THERE AND  
FIGHT THEM?



I  
WOULDN'T.

HOLY--!!!!

NOT  
REALLY  
HOLY,  
NO.



HOW DID  
SHE...? YOU PUT  
UP WARDS...

AGAINST MYSTIC-  
BASED THREATS.  
SHE'S NOT A THREAT.  
SHE'S JUST AN  
IRRITANT.



BITE ME,  
BLONDIE.

LONGSHOT.  
LOOKING GOOD.  
LIKE YOUR HAIR.

THANK YOU.  
AND I LIKE  
YOUR...SPIRIT.



AS FOR FIGHTING THEM: WELL,  
YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD A CHANCE  
WHEN THEY WERE ARGUING EARLIER,  
BUT THEY'VE PUT ASIDE THEIR  
DIFFERENCES TO WORK  
TOGETHER...

SO YOU'RE  
BASICALLY HOSED.  
YOU'RE TALKING  
UNKILLABLE CREATURES  
THAT COULD EAT  
WOLVERINE FOR  
BREAKFAST.  
LITERALLY.

ONLY ANOTHER  
MYSTICALLY-BASED  
MONSTER WOULD  
STAND A CHANCE  
AGAINST THEM.



I'M FINE,  
RAHNE.  
HONESTLY.

YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
TO HOVER  
OVER ME.

AH JUST...  
AH FEEL SO  
GUILTY. AH  
BROUGHT THIS  
DOWN ON ALL  
OF US...



WELL,  
THAT'S WHAT  
YOU DO, ISN'T IT,  
RAHNE? THAT'S  
YOUR THING.

BREEZING IN  
AND OUT OF  
PEOPLE'S LIVES,  
LEAVING CRUSHED  
FEELINGS AND  
BODIES BEHIND  
YOU.

LYING  
TO PEOPLE,  
GETTING THEM  
HURT, HURTING  
THEM...



RICTORI! THAT'S  
ENOUGH!

ANY DAY  
ENDING IN "Y" IS A  
DAY SOMEONE'S  
TRYING TO HURT US.  
DUMPING IT ALL  
ON RAHNE IS...



ABSOLUTELY  
JUSTIFIED.

HE'S RIGHT.  
RIGHT ABOUT  
EVERYTHING.

THE PROBLEM  
IS...THERE'S ONLY  
SO MANY TIMES AH  
CAN SAY "AH'M SORRY"  
BEFORE THEY'RE  
RECOGNIZED FOR THE  
USELESS WORDS  
THEY ARE.



RAHNE...

JUST  
SAVE IT,  
RIC. I--



LOOK...  
I WAS...  
I SHOULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN SO  
HARSH WITH--



SLAAAP

OW!

DON'T  
YE DARE!



DON'T  
YE DARE  
APOLOGIZE  
TO THE LIKES  
OF ME.



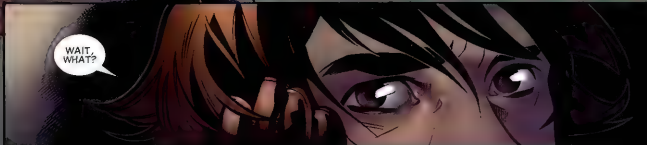
STICK TO  
YOUR PRINCIPLES  
OR AH'LL KILL YE.  
AH'LL ABSOLUTELY  
KILL YE.



I CAN SEE  
WHY YOU TWO  
WERE LOVERS.  
SHE HAS A  
GREAT DEAL  
OF FIRE.

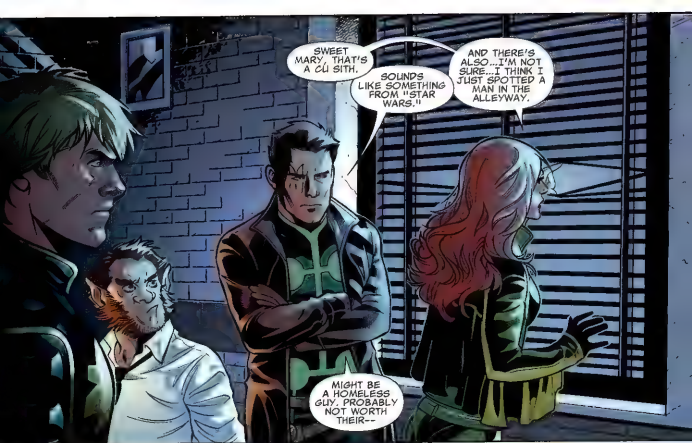
PLUS  
SHE LOOKS  
GREAT  
NAKED.

SHE  
SURE D--



WAIT,  
WHAT?



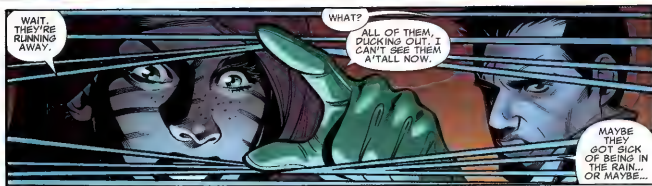


SWEET  
MARY, THAT'S  
A CÚ SITH.

SOUNDS  
LIKE SOMETHING  
FROM "STAR  
WARS."

AND THERE'S  
ALSO...I'M NOT  
SURE...I THINK I  
JUST SPOTTED A  
MAN IN THE  
ALLEYWAY.

MIGHT BE  
A HOMELESS  
GUY. PROBABLY  
NOT WORTH  
THEIR--



WAIT.  
THEY'RE  
RUNNING  
AWAY.

WHAT?

ALL OF THEM,  
DUCKING OUT. I  
CAN'T SEE THEM  
A'TALL NOW.

MAYBE  
THEY  
GOT SICK  
OF BEING IN  
THE RAIN...  
OR MAYBE...



...THEY'RE  
PREPARING AN  
AMBUSH.

AN AMBUSH?  
WHO WOULD  
THEY BE--?

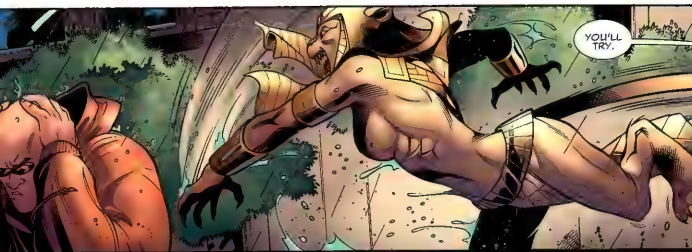


OH NO.  
OH, GOD  
NO.





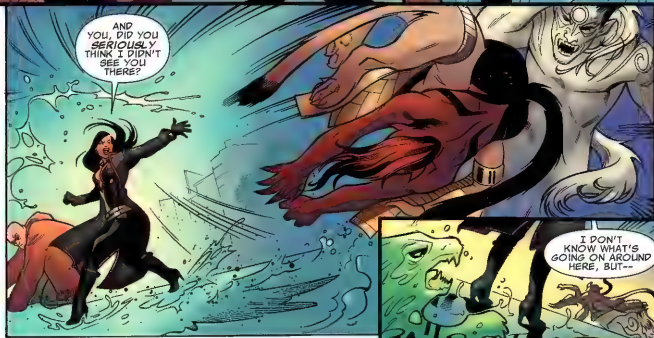




YOU'LL TRY.



YOU WON'T SUCCEED.



AND YOU DID YOU SERIOUSLY THINK I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE, BUT--





WHAT  
THE--!



EEEEEEEEE



EH?

DO YOU  
THINK THE CU SITH  
WILL FALL BEFORE  
YOUR HOWL, CHILD OF  
THE EMERALD?

WE DO NOT FEAR  
THE SHRIEK OF THE REAL  
BANSHEE. WHAT HOPE  
HAS AN IMITATOR?

WE HAVE LISTENED  
TO YOUR VOICE. NOW  
HEAR OURS, AND  
OUR WORDS...

GRAM YER  
WORDS, YA  
FREAKIN'  
BLORK!

MADPROX!  
TERRY!  
WHATEVER  
THEY WANT,  
TELL 'EM  
TO--



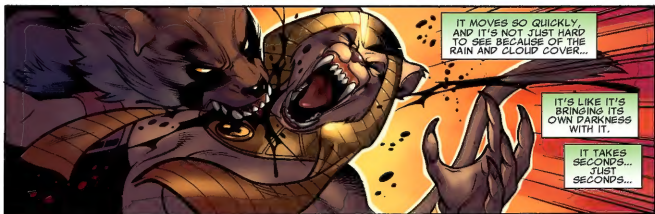
IT'S NOT  
UP TO YE,  
GUIDO. NOT  
ANY OF YE.

THIS IS  
MY AFFAIR,  
NOT THEIRS!

NONE OF  
THEM SHOULD HAVE  
TO SUFFER FOR MY  
TRANSGRESSIONS!











# NEXT

